

all I need is you

shelivesfree

Star Wars

Complete



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Summary

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Description:

It was her fault. His pain, his jealousy, his insecurity. It was all her fault. Padme looked up at the beautiful man in front of her, her husband, her Ani, and decided she needed to make him remember. Remind him of how much she loved him. Because no one, no man in the entire galaxy, could take the place of Anakin Skywalker.

1. all I need is you

A/N: In the midst of writing The Boy Next Door, and whilst watching Star Wars: The Clone Wars, this idea popped into my head. It's angsty and it's passionate and it's kind of heartbreaking in the end (George why?!) but I hope you enjoy my take on what 'should' have happened after S06E07. If you haven't seen it, I suggest you read a recap or something, because the whole thing was utterly heartwrenching and the entire time I was just like PADME WHY? and OH ANAKIN MY LOVE I LOVE YOU. The feels. THE FEELS.

Anyway, enough of the ranting. Enjoy xx

The entire journey back to Coruscant was spent in complete silence. He hadn't said a word to her since he had held her on the edge of the falling debris. Nor had he even spared her a glance. It was *agony*. There was so much to say, so many wrongs to right, apologies to make. She had hurt him, she had said things she didn't mean and she *needed* to apologise, to make him see. But not here. There were too many witnesses. It would have to wait until they were back in her senatorial quarters.

Her mind was reeling. Clovis. Clovis had betrayed her. And then, he had redeemed himself, sacrificing himself in the process. It had been a lot to take in, but her grief was nothing compared to her guilt. Anakin was right, he had been right about everything, and she had dismissed him, ignored him, *fought* with him, all because she had been blinded by Clovis' good intentions. She felt awful. She had made him doubt her.

"Senator Amidala," Captain Rex approached her, helmet under his arm. "We are approaching Coruscant now."

She smiled and strapped herself into her seat. "Thank you, Captain Rex."

The descent was rapid but smooth. Her husband was the best Starfighter pilot in the galaxy, she always felt safe aboard his ship. They came into the landing bay, the Chancellor waiting for them, Bail Organa, Mace Windu, several other Jedi Masters and a handful of clone troopers flanking him.

Padme descended the ramp, Anakin falling into step beside her, remaining impassive. She stole a glance at him, but he was looking straight ahead, jaw set. This stoic look was new, Padme was used to Anakin's unstable emotions, his passion, his recklessness, but this *emotionless* side of him was more shocking than anything. She wanted to take his hand, hold him in her arms, let him know how much he meant to her, but she couldn't. Not here. Not now.

The Chancellor smiled as they approached. "Senator Amidala," he greeted her, nodding his head. "Glad to see you made it back safely."

“Thank you, Chancellor. Without General Skywalker, I think it might have been a different story.” She smiled up at him, hoping her praise would elicit some form of response, or at least inflate his ego. He did nothing but stare ahead.

“Yes. Once again, Anakin, you have proven to be a very *valuable* to the Republic.” The Chancellor smiled wryly at him.

“Glad to be of service, Chancellor,” he replied, though his voice was slightly monotonous, lacking all of his usual bravado. What had she done to him?

“Where is our friend, Rush Clovis?”

Padme swallowed uncomfortably. “He... he didn’t make it.”

“Oh, how unfortunate,” though Padme noticed how the Chancellor didn’t exactly look upset. He looked almost... *pleased*. Surely it was just her imagination. “This is a tragic loss for the Senate.”

“Yes,” she agreed sadly. ‘He was a good man... in the end.’ She snuck another look at Anakin and could see that he was angry at her words. *Good*, she thought to herself. *At least now he’s showing some emotion*. She could deal with his anger, his jealousy. “If you don’t mind, Chancellor, I’m weary from travel and would like to retire to my chambers.”

The Chancellor nodded. “Of course, Senator. Rest well.” He turned and went back inside the Senate building, the rest of his party following him.

“General Skywalker,” she turned to Anakin, keeping her face impassive, displaying her political façade. After spending so long hiding her feelings for Anakin, she had mastered the art of nonchalance. Sometimes, she feared she had mastered it *too* well, that Anakin really believed she was nonchalant about her feelings. But it was not true. It was all an act. She needed to make him see, make him *remember*. “I would appreciate an escort, if you will. I’ve been through quite an ordeal.”

He nodded solemnly, not quite meeting her eyes. “As you wish, milady.”

They walked back to her chambers in silence, Padme struggling to keep up with his long strides. He didn’t look at her once, and his ignorance made her heart break. She wanted to slap him and kiss him at the same time. She could sense he was upset, and she couldn’t blame him. He had every right to be upset. All she wanted was for him to at least acknowledge her.

They reached her chambers and Anakin bowed his head, suddenly very formal and out of character. “If that will be all, milady, I have to report to the Council.”

He turned to leave when she reached out to him, grasping his fingers. “Ani...” He turned back and finally looked at her, his beautiful blue eyes hurt and pained and so enticing that it almost made Padme fall in love with him again. She wanted to rid the agony from his eyes, make him smile that sexy, half-smile again that he only reserved for her. “Don’t go.”

He glanced down at their entwined fingers and sighed, heavily. “The Council needs to know about the Banking Clan’s dealings with Dooku.”

Padme shook her head, biting her lip. “Someone else can do that,” she insisted, clutching his fingers tighter, stepping closer to him. “Rex or... or the Chancellor — just... don’t leave me. *Please*.”

Tears welled in her eyes and she threw her arms around his waist, clutching desperately at his Jedi robes. Eventually, his arms came around her and hugged her to him as she sobbed into his chest and his stiff posture softened as she held him. A hand stroked her hair, the other rubbing small circles on her back, and it felt so *right* to be in his arms again. She had missed this. She had missed *him*.

When they pulled back, Anakin caught a stray tear with his thumb and cupped her cheek affectionately. “It’s alright, Padme,” he said, voice soft and lovely. “You’re alright.”

She shook her head adamantly. “But *you’re* not alright,” she said. “Anakin I... those things — what I said to you. I-I didn’t mean them. I’m...”

He pressed a finger to her lips, silencing her, and then gently kissed her forehead. “Don’t worry about that now,” he whispered against her skin, and it sent sparks shooting down to her core. *Oh*, how she had missed his lips. “It doesn’t matter.”

She growled in frustration. Why wasn’t he letting her apologise? Why was he just dismissing her? She frowned up at him. “No, Anakin. It *does* matter! It matters to me! I-I said awful things to you, *awful*, I made you doubt. I made you doubt me. And I —” a tremor shudder through her body as a wave of emotion washed over her.

“You had to have meant them on some level, Padme,” he said miserably, and the sound was so heartbreaking that Padme whimpered. “And you’re right. I’m not *safe*. I-I’m not good for you.” There were tears in his eyes now, his lovely eyes, and it only made Padme sob harder.

“You *are*,” she protested through a wave of tears, clinging to his forearms, never tearing her gaze from his. “You *are* good for me, Ani. I-I couldn’t *imagine* being without you. I... I love you.”

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “But I can’t give you what you want. It’s always going to be a secret, Padme.” When he opened his eyes they were sparkling. ‘You said so yourself, this doesn’t feel like a marriage. And it’s not.’ His bottom lip was trembling and it was all Padme could do not to stretch up and seize his lips with her own. But she didn’t. She let him speak. They’d needed to have this conversation for far too long. He took her hand, running his thumb over her third finger where a wedding band should be, but it was bare, unadorned. “We may have been married on Naboo, but what have we got to show for it? No rings. You still keep your name. We don’t even really *live* together.”

“We have our love,” she whispered, thick with emotion. “That’s all we need, Ani. That’s enough for me.”

He bent and pressed his forehead against hers. She could hear his deep breathing as he drank in the smell of her. “I told you before, you are my life, Padme. I would give up everything if you asked it of me. Everything I have is yours.”

She wrapped her hands around his neck, letting her fingers curl up in his hair like they did while they made love. “All I want is you, Ani. All I want is your love.”

He huffed, almost angrily. “But that’s not what you *need*, Padme. Don’t you see? I can’t give you what you need. Clovis —”

“— Clovis?” she pulled away, suddenly angry. This was about *Clovis*? Why in the stars was Anakin so jealous of that man? Clovis had betrayed her, *twice*, and now he was dead. And yet Anakin, her husband, her *Ani*, still believed that she wanted to be with Clovis. That he was a better match for her. *Oh, Anakin, I’m so sorry.*

Padme felt awful. It was her fault. His pain, his jealousy, his insecurity. It was all her fault. Padme looked up at the beautiful man in front of her, the brave Jedi who made her proud every day, the wonderful husband she had married, and decided she needed to make him remember. Remind him of how much she loved him. Because no one, no man in the entire galaxy, could take the place of Anakin Skywalker. No one even came close.

She stretched up on her toes, pulling him roughly by the hair, and crushed her mouth to his, pouring every ounce of love, affection, *lust* into him. He returned her kiss with mirrored passion, clutching her waist tightly, fingers digging into her hips. *This* was what she wanted, what she had craved. His unyielding desire for her and her alone. Every touch set her skin on fire, his lips burning hot against hers, and it was the most delicious pain in the world. She wanted more. She *needed* more.

With trembling fingers, she began to disrobe him, yanking his tunic open, overwhelmingly needy, desperate to feel his hot skin beneath hers. She pushed them off his shoulders, never breaking the kiss and they fell elegantly to the ground. Finally, she came up for air, and the look in his eyes sent shivers down her spine. Padme would never get used to the way Anakin looked at her; like she was the only thing that mattered in the entire galaxy. She was definitely not deserving of such a look.

“I love you, Anakin Skywalker,” she told him, eyes flashing, voice completely serious and firm. She needed to make him understand. Make him believe again. ‘I don’t tell you that enough, but I do.’ She ran her hands along his bare chest, up to cup his face. “I love you so much, Ani. *So much*. I never knew that I could feel so strongly about one person. No one... no one has ever, *ever* made me feel the way you do, Anakin. Not Clovis. Not *anyone*.”

He ran his fingers through her hair, a gorgeous smile on his face and she knew she was saying the right things, the things he needed to hear. “Padme...”

“No, Anakin. Let me finish,” she demanded and he closed his mouth, slightly amused at her sudden aggression. “What you see when I’m around other people, around other senators, it’s all an act. It’s not how I really *feel* though, Anakin. I *wish* I could tell people that you’re my husband. I’m so proud of you and I want everyone to know that I married you. But I *can’t* Ani. I have to be the senator, and you have to be the Jedi. But that doesn’t change the way I feel.”

She pressed her lips to his briefly, trying to convey her feelings through that one, sweet action. “You don’t have to tell me this,” he murmured against her mouth.

“Yes, I do,” she insisted. ‘I made you doubt me. You told me not to trust Clovis. I *knew* you were jealous. And I did *nothing*,’ she hissed the words, angry at herself for hurting him so. “I did nothing to quell your anxiety. If anything I-I encouraged it.”

Anakin took hold of her shoulders and stared deep into her eyes, into her very soul, and it was such a piercing look that she couldn’t tear her eyes away. “You didn’t make me lash out.

You didn't make me do that, Padme. I did. It was all on me." He was ashamed, she could hear it in his voice.

"No, Ani," she said softly. "It was my fault. I should have told you that there was nothing to fear between me and Clovis. I should have told you that I loved you. But... instead I-I just."

"It's not your fault. It's mine..."

His stubbornness was so irritating. Why was he continuing to blame himself for her actions? It was ridiculous, she was far from perfect. She made mistakes, and yet Anakin was determined to take the blame.

"Stop it, Anakin," she scowled. "I'm not blameless here. I'm not some sort of angel or anything. I'm not perfect!"

He smiled, brushing hair tenderly away from her face, his smile so beautiful and loving that it made her heart constrict in her chest. "You are to me."

She sobbed at his words and kissed him again, aggressively and angry and passionate, because she had never felt so in love than in that moment. This man... she did not deserve him. He was raw and he was honest and he was real, and she was completely gone for him.

"Let me show you," she whispered as she trailed her hands along his chest, feeling the rise and fall of his breathing, the frantic beating of his heart, the smooth, hard planes of his abdomen. "Let me make love to you, Ani," her voice was low, husky, full of the intense desire that she felt for him, that he brought out in her. His eyes darkened at her words. She'd never been so blatant in her requests before, and it obviously aroused him.

Smiling slyly, she pressed a kiss to his clavicle, then a little lower, then over his heart, swirling her tongue over his nipple before taking it into her mouth. He gasped a little in surprise and Padme grinned against his skin. She loved her husband's body; he was so beautiful and she was in a mood to tell him just how much she appreciated it, without words, of course.

"Let me show you how much I love you," she whispered again and Anakin's hands found her hair, pulling out her hair piece to let her curls cascade over her shoulders. His fingers twirled around the locks affectionately. He'd always loved her hair.

"Y-you don't have to," he protested weakly, even though his pants were growing uncomfortably tight every second and his eyes were so darkened by desire, because he was still an adorable sweetheart and never wanted to pressure Padme into doing anything she didn't want to.

She let her tongue dip into his navel, causing his grip on her hair to tighten just a little, but not painfully, before she ghosted her lips over the trail of fine, blonde hair that disappeared beneath his pants. On her knees now, she took hold of his hips and looked up at him, devilish smirk on her face and he swallowed uncomfortably.

"I want to," she breathed. "I want *you*."

A quick, half-nod of consent was all she needed before she undid the laces of his pants and pulled them down his legs. His arousal sprung free immediately, glad to be out of its confines

and Padme pressed a loving kiss to the leaking tip, making Anakin groan low in his throat. They'd made love countless of times, and Padme had admired his naked form more often than she could count, but she'd never been *this close* to his erection before. Normally, Anakin was the one doing the worshipping and Padme was the willing receiver. She felt herself get aroused at the thought that *she* was going to be the one to make him weak at the knees, fall apart in her mouth as he had done to her countless of times. She was finally going to worship her husband's body. It thrilled her.

Gently, she guided him back until he was against the wall and ran her hands along his strong thighs, revelling at the fact that he was completely at her mercy and she could anything she wanted to him. She pressed another kiss to the head of his cock, swirling her tongue around it and Anakin moaned again.

"Stars, Padme," he cursed as she slowly began to take the length of him into her mouth, her name falling from his lips like a prayer and Padme smiled around him, letting her tongue drag against the pulsing vein underneath. Her nose nudged his pubic bone and she felt a surge of accomplishment — she'd never done this before. Anakin's breathing was shallow and rapid, his eyes trained on her so full of worship and as she hollowed out her cheeks a little and pulled back, letting him fall from her mouth until only the tip was between her lips, he began to moan again. The sounds he was emitting were so erotic, so utterly *raw* that Padme squirmed as her arousal spiked, searching for friction for her needy clit. *No*, she told herself. *This is about Ani.*

She continued to bob her head over him, taking him faster, and her eyes never left his and his hands never left her hair. She reached behind to grasp his firm buttocks, pulling him deeper inside her, and she knew she was doing a good job. Anakin petted her hair aimlessly, far too gone to really have any control over his actions, and his thighs were trembling, saying her name over and over in a hoarse, strangled whisper. Padme enjoyed this, enjoyed seeing him so vulnerable to her ministrations, so uninhibited as because of *her*. Her husband, a powerful Jedi, could be rendered useless simply by her mouth. It was a power she had never knew she wanted, but was exhilarated to possess.

The muscles in his belly tightened and his hands on her hair suddenly became rougher, fingers digging into her scalp.

"*Angel,*" he managed to blurt out. "I'm — I'm close. If y-you don't... I'll —"

Padme knew what was going to happen, but, surprising herself, she didn't care. In response, she simply hollowed out her cheeks in one harsh suck and Anakin's eyes squeezed shut, his jaw clenched, as he struggled to maintain control. It didn't last long. With a desperate cry of "*Padme,*" he came apart in her mouth, spilling his seed into her, and she took in the unique, new taste of him, swallowing what he gave her, not releasing him until he grew soft before letting him fall from her lips.

Anakin looked down at her, blue eyes misty and stroked her cheek, before helping her stand up.

"Y-you," he started, before Padme silenced him with a kiss, pressing herself ridiculously close to him. When they pulled back, their foreheads together, Anakin smiled at her. "You are wearing far too much clothing, my love," his voice all dark and sexy and teasing and Padme melted at the sound of it.

“What are you going to do about it, Master Jedi?” she teased back. Stars, she was so gone for him. He did things to her that she’d never thought she could feel.

He groaned and picked her up effortlessly, as though she weighed nothing, and threw her down onto her bed, not rough, but none to gently either, which was how she liked it. And then he was kissing her, all over her face, down her slender neck, whilst his hands tugged roughly at her senatorial garb, ripping it at the front, exposing her naked chest to him.

“Anakin,” she scolded, though it came out as more of a whimper when he took a small, pebbled nipple into his mouth and sucked harshly. “I liked that one.”

He met her eyes, shining like chips of topaz, grinning slyly over the curve of her breast, nipple between his teeth and she shuddered at the erotic image. He was so deliciously beautiful, and he was all *hers*.

“Buy a new one,” he told her, before returning his attention to her nipple, circling it with her tongue, making her arch her back and press herself further into his mouth. His hands were steady on her hips, keeping her firm against his own, and she could feel him hardening against her thigh through the layers of her skirt.

His lips travelled lower, sliding wetly down between her breasts, tongue dipping into her navel like she had done to him, making her hips jut forward, desperate for him. He simply laughed against her stomach and she pawed at his back, urging him to just *get on with it*.

“What am I meant to do with this, then?” he quipped, running his thumb along the top of her skirt, pressing kisses to the skin of her belly, arousing her more and more. Suddenly, he dove his hand underneath her skirt and she shivered as she felt the cold metal of his cybernetic hand cup her. Most would be disgusted at being touched by something so foreign, but Padme had grown accustomed to her husband’s prosthetic, it was as much as part of him as his true flesh and she loved every single inch of him. His fingers gently stroked her, slowly, torturously, and she gritted her teeth.

“Ani...” she begged, “Just, *stars* —” He seemed amused by her intelligible babble. “Rip it.”

“Hmmm,” he hummed against her skin, making her shudder. “What did you say?”

She was going to kill him one day, for teasing her, for putting her through so much *agony*, yet she would be lying if she didn’t enjoy this. They hadn’t been together like this in so, so long and she’d missed this.

“*Just rip it*,” she hissed.

Clearly that was the reaction he wanted, for in a second, she heard the familiar tearing sound as Anakin tore the fabric roughly from her body, throwing it behind him, taking in her naked form. He surveyed her hungrily and Padme felt her core flutter, becoming more and more aroused, if that was even possible. The way he worshipped her, it was the most intense gaze and Padme trembled under the weight of it, simply a puddle of desire. After almost three years of marriage, of *this*, she never grew tired of his affection for her, never grew tired of being with him like this. It was all she wanted. All she *needed*. And she was determined to show him that.

“You’re so... beautiful,” he breathed in complete infatuation, moving back up to capture her lips again, hips settling between hers and she widened her legs, offering herself to him. His now-hard cock slide back and forth along her soaked sex, teasing her, making her thrust her hips up in protest, begging to feel his hard thickness inside her. All Anakin did was grin against her mouth.

“Ani...” she tugged his hair roughly, fingers curled right to the scalp. “I-I need...”

“What, angel?” he murmured between kisses, lips sliding wetly against her own. “What do you need?”

She snarled in frustration. He was such a *fucking tease* and she was too tightly coiled to do anything other than dig her nails into his back harder, and mutter a strangled, desperate whisper of, “you, Anakin!”

“As you wish, milady.” And then he sheathed himself inside her without much of a warning, making Padme inhale sharply as the sudden, *delicious* invasion of Anakin’s hardened length inside her warm, waiting body. And then, he just stopped, leaving her dangling dangerously close to the edge and she whined underneath him. Why wasn’t he moving?

“Anakin, I swear you’ll pay for —” he swallowed her protests with his mouth, slowly moving out of her, and the feeling of his cock dragging deliciously against her slickness was enough to drive her insane. And she was insane, insane for Anakin. He was the only one who could make her feel like this.

“Padme,” his breathed against her lips, “so good, so *fucking* good.”

Her eyes rolled back into her head at the sound of his raw, hoarse voice. “Yes, Ani,” she encouraged. “Talk to me.”

He thrust up into her again, hard, painful, *perfect*, and she cried out, clinging to him with all the strength she could muster. “So... *perfect*,” he praised her. “Want this... forever — all I’ll ever want.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” she cooed, massaging his scalp, not really concentrating on his words for the sheer pleasure that his cock gave her was blurring her senses. It had been far, far too long since he had been inside her; her dreams never satisfied her, and neither could her own fingers. Nothing, *nothing*, compared to Anakin’s passion, his hard, gorgeous body, his utter devotion and longing only for her.

As his lips slid down her neck, leaving trails of saliva in their wake, he muttered sweet nothings against her skin, and his hands took hers, pulling them above her head, trapping her there as he devoured her mouth and all she could do was thrust her hips upwards to meet his in blind pleasure.

“I’m the only one,” he asked her, taking the back of her thigh and hitching up over his shoulder, causing him to go deeper inside her. ‘The only one who’s been with you like this.’ His voice was pained, strained, and she knew it was his jealousy surfacing. “The only one to make you feel like this.”

He bit at her breasts and she cried out, from pain, from pleasure, she didn’t know. The sensations were blurring into one, solid, emotion — *Anakin*. “Only you, Ani... yours, I-I’m

— *yours.*”

That seemed to be the right thing to say, for he growled, low in his chest, and his hips clashed against hers harder, faster, and she threw her head back with the insane pleasure of it. “*Mine,*” he bit her bottom lip, drawing blood, before sweeping his tongue over the wound and into her mouth, dominating her and Padme let him take control. “My. Wife... My. *Angel.*” Her eyes rolled back into her head. She loved it when he called her that.

“Yours, yours,” she told him, over and over, needing him to understand that he was all she would ever want, the only man who had been with her like this, the only man who could bring her such intense pleasure, conjure such powerful emotions inside her. Her husband. The man she loved more than anything else in the galaxy. “Oh, *Anakin!*”

His fingers were back on her clit, rubbing her in hard, fast circles, drawing her ever closer to release, and all it took was a thumb pressing down hard on the tight, swollen nub and she fell apart around him, sobbing out his name as her thighs quivered and her back arched gracefully with the power of her orgasm. His own climax followed swiftly, and he spilled himself inside her with a loud groan, her name dripping from his lips as his mouth found hers once again, rough, unyielding. Padme thought she could die.

Anakin continued to rock into her as she drifted into oblivion, fading in and out of consciousness, aware of nothing but Anakin inside her, on top of her, all around her. Nothing else existed, nothing else mattered. Just her and him, their bodies, their souls colliding together, as though they were one person, one spirit, not two individuals. Man and woman. Husband and wife.

Spent, Anakin collapsed on top of her, face buried between her breasts, hot and sweaty against her chest. Padme didn’t care; the heavy weight of him was reassuring — Anakin was home, safe, in her arms again, *inside her* again, where he belonged, and she was where she belonged as well. “Padme...” he mumbled into her skin, a prelude to nothing, simply revelling in saying her name, and Padme grinned lazily, carding her fingers through his hair, admiring how much longer it was compared to the last time they had been together.

“Mmmm,” was all she could muster, for he was crushing her ribs and she was too exhausted, to deliciously spent to move him. Eventually, Anakin mustered the strength to move and rolled off of her, burrowing his nose into the dip her shoulder made with her neck. A hand came up to cup the swell of her breast, thumb circling her areolas before flicking the hardened, pink nipple.

“I’m so in love with you,” he whispered tenderly. “I hate when we’re apart, Padme. I —”

She turned to face him, tears shining in her eyes. Who could have known she could love someone this much? “I know, Ani,” she smiled, taking his hand and bringing it to her lips, pressing a sweet kiss to his palm. “This is all I want. *You* are all I want. I love you. And I-I’m sorry, Anakin. I’m sorry I made you doubt me.”

He pressed himself against her side, peppering light kisses to her neck, the action so full of affection that it made Padme sob. “Never.” Those words stirred something inside her. She was *not* worthy of this man, definitely not worthy of his steadfast love. Gripping his face fiercely, she kissed him, hard, pouring her soul into him as tears streaked her face.

“I’m yours, Anakin,” she told him softly. ‘Always yours. You’ve captured my heart, my body, my very *soul* and I — I can’t live without you.’ Each word was enunciated with a kiss to his face, over his eyes, his nose, his cheeks, his chin — every scrap of beloved skin she could attack. “Every day, I hear rumours — *awful things* — and I... I am *so scared* that you won’t come home to me.”

He stroked her cheek gently, tracing delicately over the bone and gazing at her as though she was something so utterly beloved. “I will always come home to you, Padme,” he told her sincerely. “You are... coming back to you is what keeps me *alive*. Knowing that you’ll be here, waiting for me, it’s all the motivation I need.”

She laughed then, a pathetic, teary laugh and Anakin caught a tear with his thumb, brushing it off her cheek and then leaning in to kiss her again. They lay like that for a long while, simply basking in the delight of one another, enjoying basking in each other’s love, as though there were no other cares in the world. If only it could be that simple.

“It won’t always be like this,” Anakin assured her, stroking her hair as she curled into his chest. “Once this war... once everything’s over, I’m leaving the Jedi Order.”

“What?” she inhaled sharply, staring up at him with wide eyes. He couldn’t be serious. Being a Jedi was what defined Anakin, what gave him purpose. It was his life.

He merely chuckled at her reaction. “I’m serious, Padme. I’m leaving. We’ll go to Naboo and we’ll... we’ll raise a family.”

She sobbed at this, so full of emotion and love for this wonderful man of her, hers beautiful Anakin and she kissed him deeply, letting him know how much his words had affected her. “Oh, *Anakin*,” she half-wept, half-laughed, and he laughed too, his gorgeous *precious* laughter. “I couldn’t imagine anything more perfect.”

And, at that time, there were never too people more happy, or more in love, than Anakin Skywalker and Padme Amidala.